

FORD TIMES

FEBRUARY 1980



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Luxury Group

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In Thunderbird's 25th anniversary year, all 1980 Thunderbirds are new and special—with a new contemporary size that fits the future without sacrificing Thunderbird luxury.

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*Compare this to other cars. Your mileage may differ, depending on speed, weather and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be lower than estimate. Calif. ratings lower.



Interior Luxury Group—
Standard on Town Landau

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The Ford Owner's Magazine

February 1980, Vol. 73, No. 2

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Cover: Sharon Culp began collecting old-time valentines like this one 14 years ago. Today, she has what is perhaps the largest privately owned collection of valentines in the United States. The cover valentine was produced in Germany about 1880. The story begins on page 8.



The Last of the Town Fathers

by Lew Dietz

illustrations by Robert Bragg

IN THE COURSE of a recent town meeting the citizens of my Maine village voted to appropriate several hundred dollars to install a street light in front of Mabel Stokes' cottage on Sea Street. Immediately I remembered Arthur Walker, our departed First Selectman, who ran our town on an austere, no-frills basis for over two decades.

Not that Arthur would have risen from his seat to take issue. His presence alone would have sufficed to re-

strain what he termed "frill spending," and anything the town could get along without, which surely would have included Mrs. Stokes' street light, was a frill to Arthur.

In these times of swollen budgets and near-confiscatory taxes, it's well to recall that there was a time when candidates for public office were judged primarily on their reluctance to spend money. The fact that Arthur Walker reigned for 25 years is ample evidence that his performance was exemplary in this regard. He possessed a Yankee abhorrence of waste and ostentation. He steadfastly refused to spend a dime if he figured a nickel would do.

Arthur managed much single-handedly — literally, having lost most of an arm in a mill accident. A carpenter by trade and a Baptist by persuasion, he practiced what he preached. I suspect he owned one suit, a black one, one black hat and one black necktie.

It is unlikely that a casual visitor to my village during the long reign of Arthur Walker would have taken any special note of a spry little man in a black hat as he walked briskly on his village rounds. For one thing, almost everyone walked in those days, and everyone took time to pause and pass the time of day with friends and neighbors. Nor would the absence of one arm have been noteworthy, except perhaps that Arthur invariably carried a clutch of papers under the stump, further proof of his reluctance to waste anything.



For centuries, New England towns have been governed by an elective Board of Selectmen, the First Selectman acting in a capacity that elsewhere would correspond to that of mayor. Immemorially, this citizen peer group were the "Town Fathers," a term, alas, that is employed today only as a gentle whimsey.

Arthur Walker was a Town Father in name and deed, and the cloak fit him snug as a mitten. He could be a benevolent monarch when things were going his way and a fuming Jeremiah

when they were not. He believed in democratic principles but he was more Hamiltonian than Jeffersonian in his interpretation of the process. He saw nothing but disaster in permitting free access to the public till.

It is doubtful if many of my fellow townsmen were aware at Arthur's passing that they were seeing the last of the Maine Town Fathers. In recent years, most Maine towns of any size have opted for the town manager form of government. The Maine town meeting hasn't lost any of its purpose



and vitality. Citizens still gather to vote directly on issues that affect their lives and to elect a Board of Selectmen to decide policy; but the actual running of the towns is left to a hired professional administrator.

Our town has employed a half-dozen town managers since Arthur's stewardship came to an end in the early 1950s. Last fall, our last one resigned to accept a better paying post in another Maine community. Undoubtedly, our new town manager, an up-and-coming young fellow with a college degree in this new profession, will be lured away by more money to be replaced by another up-and-coming young fellow.

Arthur, of course, was forever

threatening to quit, but even his detractors were forced to admit that there was no qualified candidate in town willing to tackle the job for the modest salary Arthur allowed himself. And most certainly no one in those innocent days would have considered the crazy notion of turning over the management of the town to a perfect stranger.

Arthur's turf was a self-contained and self-sufficient village where everyone knew everyone else. Today our stores have fled to shopping centers, our school children are transported by yellow busses to faraway places, and as retirees, young homesteaders and escapees from the nation's uninhabitable cities settle upon Maine's rural landscape, the plaint "I don't know anyone anymore" is heard throughout the land.

Arthur would have spurned the services of a professional assessor. He knew his fellow villagers, what they did, how they fared and how they met good times and bad. Arthur and his fellow selectmen would go over the tax rolls name by name, but Arthur managed to have the final word on how the tax burden was to be distributed.

"Now, Harry Poore got a nice raise where he works," he might say. "Don't you figure he could stand a mite of a hike this year?" Or, "You know Emmy Larkin lost her husband last Christmas and she's poorly to boot. Maybe we ought to ease up on her a bit."

Of course there was some muttering around the village when the tax

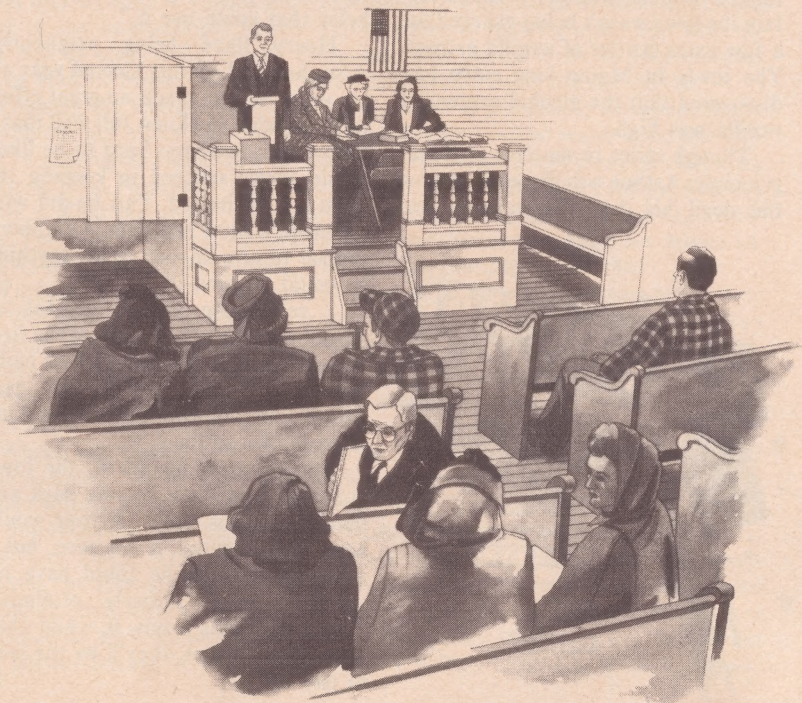
bill came out, particularly from those whose levy was hiked, but few objected violently to Arthur's ability-to-pay criterion. Maine people were — and still are to some degree — populists in distribution of wealth.

There were no budget committees to review appropriations. Arthur didn't require any help to arrive at a barebones budget. It was his habit to buttonhole the fire chief, the road commissioner and anyone else who required funds from the public till. To the fire chief he might say, "You have a bit left over from last year, Charlie.

You figure you can get by on that?" Charlie might allow as maybe he could if he skimmed. Henry, the road commissioner, might mention that the town needed a new grader: "The old one's getting mighty ramshackle, Arthur." "Tell you what," Arthur would say, "let Ed Rhodes have a look at her. If Ed can't fix it, we'll talk about it next spring."

Arthur knew perfectly well that Ed Rhodes could fix anything. He'd kept the town running through two wars and a depression.

In those days before unemploy-



ment doles and state welfare took much of the burden of indigency from the villages, Arthur managed the town Poor Fund with much the same personal approach. He believed that the town should take care of its own; a family should eat but not so well that "going on the town" was a pleasure.

When a needy family called on him for help he would drop in at the general store and leave instructions to bill the town for necessary food. Nothing fancy, mind you. He might allow a packet of tobacco but he scrutinized all bills carefully to make certain the town wasn't being charged for a few extra bottles of vanilla extract. The lowly in Maine long since had discovered that the alcohol content of vanilla was high.

Though strict in matters of moral principle, Arthur was disposed to give the devil his due. He was realistic

enough to know that a little sin, like poverty, would always be with us. He neither offered nor accepted favors but he had a limited tolerance for the cronyism he saw around him. He surely was mindful of the fact that his road commissioner might plow out a friend's private driveway after a bad storm, particularly if Henry knew there would be a nip or two of hard cider waiting for him at the end of the trail. And a friend might say to Henry, "Chances are you'll have a bit left over when you're patching my street this year. My drive's got a few holes that could use it."

Henry liked being neighborly. Also, he liked getting elected year after year. Arthur made no great effort to be popular. He knew full well that a fellow who tried too hard to be liked would never succeed in keeping the town out of the red. This he did with one arm, a hard head and a stubborn refusal to hire anyone to do anything he could do himself.

I recall the day a northeaster ripped the sign off the face of the firehouse. He filled his mouth with nails, tucked a hammer under his arm stump and climbed up a wind-buffed ladder to fix it.

Shortly after his death, the town acquired land for a seaside park and named it in his honor. Arthur would have been pleased, I am sure, but I much doubt that he could have resisted a gruff fatherly reminder. "Hope the kids enjoy it while they may. Don't forget, they'll be the ones to pay for it." □



GLOVE COMPARTMENT

IN WHICH YOU CAN FIND A LITTLE BIT OF EVERYTHING BUT GLOVES

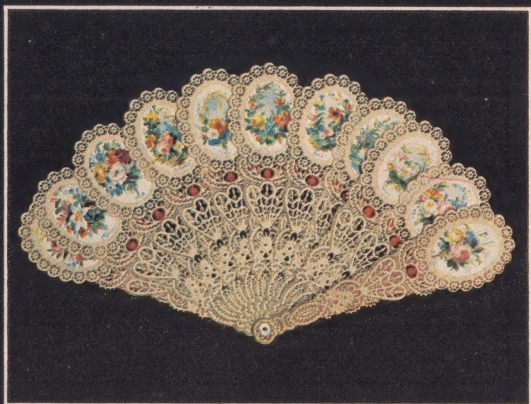
Follow the Music Makers — The first comprehensive book of its kind, *A Guide to Music Festivals in America* describes more than 120 festivals in 39 states. Festivals are arranged according to musical category: classical, opera, jazz, pops, folk, bluegrass, country, and old-time fiddlers. The author, Carol Price Rabin, provides a brief background of each festival, plus information on where to write for tickets and accommodations. The 199-page guide is available for \$4.95 from Berkshire Traveller Press, Stockbridge, Massachusetts 01262.

Blast Off! — If you'd like to take a simulated ride through outer space, see a moon rock or observe violent solar explosions, you can do all of these things and more at the International Space Hall of Fame in Alamogordo, New Mexico. The hall is open daily except Christmas. For details write to International Space Hall of Fame, P.O. Box 533, Alamogordo, New Mexico 88310.

Cruising the Everglades — The *Lazy Bones* is a specially designed shanty houseboat that offers five-day trips along Florida's inland waterways. She carries 16 passengers and a crew of four, and sails from Fort Myers every Monday morning from November 5 through May 19. All-inclusive fare for the five-day cruise is \$260 per person, based on double occupancy. Reservations are necessary. For more information contact Cap'n Stan, Shanty Boat Cruises, Route 14, Box 434R, Fort Myers, Florida 33905, telephone (813) 694-3401.

Toyland, Toyland — That special preoccupation with toys does not have to end with Christmas, as Georgia travelers will discover when they visit the Toy Museum of Atlanta. Open all year, the museum contains hundreds of thousands of toys — many more than 100 years old — arranged in clever, picturesque displays that will enchant children and grown-ups alike. The museum is open seven days a week.

Wheelchair Travelers — The car is the "final word in transportation" for 20 million Americans with limited physical mobility, says author Lois Reamy in *TravelAbility: A Guide for Physically Disabled Travelers*. Wheelchair-accessible hotels/motels and highway rest stops, along with hand-controlled rental cars from Hertz, Avis and National, now help make driving holidays joyous realities. In *TravelAbility*, covering all aspects of vacation travel, an eminent physician deals with medical problems that could arise on the road. The book is available for \$9.95 in bookstores or from Macmillan Publishing Co., Inc., Front and Brown Streets, Riverside, New Jersey 08075. (Add \$1.50 for postage.)



photos by Leonard P. Johnson



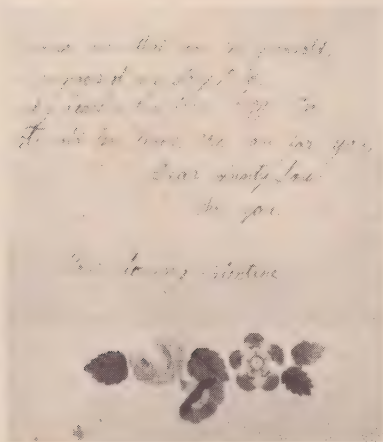


Collecting Valentines

Sharon Culp's favorites are hearts and flowers, but her huge collection contains a few vinegary views, too



by Richard L. Routh



Early hand-written valentines are a rare find for collectors. This 1840 poem from a 10-year-old girl to "Dear Aunt Lou" seems overly sugary today. Other valentines were the size of calling cards and were enclosed unsigned with separate hand-written messages. The open hand signified that the sender was "available."



YOU COULD SAY that Cupid touched Sharon Culp of New Jersey with a collecting love that has been growing ever since she discovered some Victorian valentines in an abandoned house 14 years ago.

Whatever fanned Sharon's passion for collecting valentines, she has acquired a lot of them — more than 6,000 dating from 1829 to the present. They probably represent the largest privately owned collection in the United States.

Sharon admits she is smitten: "When I found those old-time valentines, it was love at first sight. They took me back to when love was secret and romantic. I had a feeling that maybe I had been born in the wrong era — that I really was a Victorian who was accidentally dropped into the wrong time slot."

Although Victorian cards showing objects such as the industrious Cupid, gentle turtle doves, lovers' knots, cherubic children, elegantly dressed young ladies (almost always with floppy hats) and delicate lacy structures with geometric patterns and entwining leaves are Sharon's favorites, they are by no means the only cards she collects.

She also has a few valentines with vinegary views. They were called "penny dreadfuls" when they were introduced in the 1840s because they cost a penny, and their recipients considered them dreadful. Publishers of these cards aimed their arrows at character types ranging from dudes to prudes and from the timid to the dom-



Comic valentines began appearing in the mid-19th century. They often strained to rhyme silly insults, as did this one designed for the domineering woman. This valentine was also mechanical. Pulling a tab at the bottom lowered the hoop skirt through a slot in the card and left it perfectly clear who wore the pants in the family.

ineering (see above).

Sharon's sources for valentines vary, but one she recommends is advertising in collectors' publications such as *The Antique Trader* or *Antique Monthly*. Or, you can join the Antique Valentine Association (Box 178, Marlboro, New Jersey 07746), which Sharon organized. The \$10 membership fee includes a subscription to *Valentine World*, a newsletter containing a wealth of information about buying, selling, trading, repair-

ing and appraising valentines.

Many old valentines can be had for only a few dollars. The most Sharon has ever paid for a valentine is \$75; it was an 1880 valentine that opened into a lady's lacy fan. Her oldest card — a handmade greeting with ink-drawn hearts — cost \$50.

"My fascination isn't with their dollar value," Sharon explains. "It's just that many valentines are so pretty. Some are too beautiful for words." □

FORD. THE ONLY U.S. CAR MILEAGE RATINGS FOR ALL

BASED ON EPA DATA SHOWING THAT ALL 1980 FORD MODELS HAVE MILEAGE RATINGS FOR

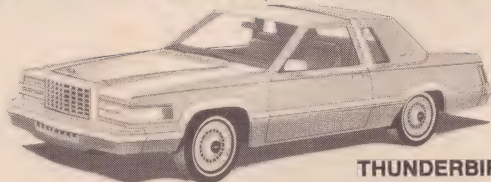
BEST THUNDERBIRD MPG EVER: UP 29%, HIGHWAY UP 30%.

18

EPA
EST.
MPG

26

EST.
HWY.
MPG



THUNDERBIRD

BEST MPG OF ANY STANDARD PICKUP BUILT IN AMERICA.

With optional manual overdrive
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19

EPA
EST.
MPG

29

EST.
HWY.
MPG



FORD F-100

BEST 6-CYLINDER MPG OF ANY DOMESTIC SUBCOMPACT.

21

EPA
EST.
MPG

30

EST.
HWY.
MPG



MUSTANG

BEST MPG OF ANY WAGONS BUILT IN AMERICA.

**FULL-SIZE
(FORD LTD V-8)**

17

EPA
EST.
MPG

24

EST.
HWY.
MPG

**MID-SIZE
FAIRMONT 6-CYL.**

21

EPA
EST.
MPG

30

EST.
HWY.
MPG

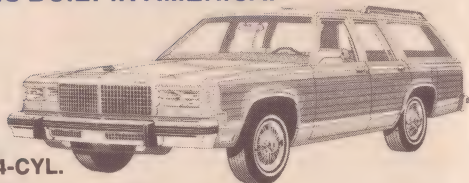
**SMALL
PINTO 4-CYL.**

23

EPA
EST.
MPG

38

EST.
HWY.
MPG



LTD COUNTRY SQUIRE

COME IN. WE'VE GOT THE

MAKER WITH IMPROVED ITS 1980 DOMESTIC MODELS.

STANDARD POWER TRAINS THAT EXCEED THE PREVIOUS YEAR'S INTRODUCTORY MODELS.

**BEST ESTIMATED MPG—
ANY 6-CYLINDER MID-SIZE.**

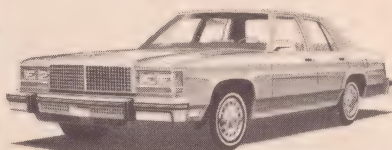
21 EPA
EST.
MPG



Also 30 MPG HWY. **FAIRMONT**

**NO FULL-SIZE CAR BEATS LTD'S
8-CYLINDER ESTIMATED MPG.**

17 EPA
EST.
MPG



Also 24 MPG HWY. **FORD LTD**

**BEST ESTIMATED MPG OF ANY
FORD BUILT IN AMERICA.**

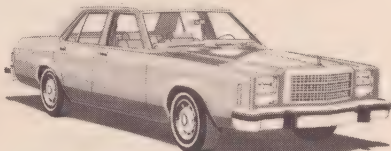
24 EPA
EST.
MPG



Also 38 MPG HWY. **PINTO**

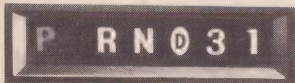
BETTER MILEAGE THAN '79.

19 EPA
EST.
MPG **28** EST.
HWY.
MPG



GRANADA

**THE FIRST AND ONLY
AUTOMATIC OVERDRIVE OPTION
MADE IN AMERICA.**



It automatically shifts into overdrive at about 40 MPH, reducing engine RPM's about one-third (available on some models and engines).

MORE ABOUT MILEAGE:

All MPG estimates are for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be lower than estimate. California estimates lower. Comparisons exclude other Ford Motor Company products and are based on EPA data since ratings began.

Better Ideas for
the 80's. **FORD.**



BETTER IDEA CARS FOR THE 80's.



The Chamber That Fools Mother Nature

It keeps right on baking, freezing, soaking and salting
away in Ford's continuing fight against corrosion

by Will M. Duffy

RUST NEVER SLEEPS — so says the title of a recent rock music album, and how true that is, all car owners know. But Ford Motor Company engineers are just as relentless in their fight against corrosion. They sleep, yes, but some of the weapons they use don't. One of the better ideas they've come up with is their new Environmental Chamber.

The chamber enables Ford engineers to expose vehicles and components to many destructive environmental conditions encountered in service, and to do so right at the company's Body and Electrical Product Engineering Building in Dearborn, Michigan. Previously, tests that included exposure to a combination of heat, humidity and salt conditions had

to be conducted at Ford's Arizona Proving Ground in Kingman. Although corrosion tests are still conducted at Ford's Kingman facility, the new \$250,000 Environmental Chamber increases the number and range of corrosion tests and speeds up the flow of information to engineers.

"Chambers that vary humidity and temperature have been in use in the automobile industry for several years," said R. Gilbert Lambert, manager of Ford's Paint and Corrosion Engineering Department, "but as far as we know, our chamber is the first and only such device that also has the capability of exposing the vehicles and components to salt spray. In it, we can not only simulate selected conditions of all four seasons, but also douse our 'subjects' with a common corrosive substance that man adds to the motoring environment."

The Environmental Chamber inside is 20 feet wide, 20 feet deep and 9

R. Gilbert Lambert, manager of Ford's Paint and Corrosion Engineering Department, with 1980 Thunderbird in Ford's new Environmental Chamber.

feet high — large enough to hold two vehicles plus assorted components such as hoods and doors, plus various metals treated with different corrosion-resistant processes.

Controlled completely by microprocessors, the chamber has a temperature range of -40 to +200 degrees Fahrenheit and a relative humidity range from 20 to 98 per cent. Temperature can be controlled within ± 1 degree Fahrenheit, and relative humidity within ± 3 per cent.

When it comes to changing the weather, Mother Nature in her most fickle mood is no match for the Environmental Chamber. In two hours, the chamber can rise from -20 to +140 degrees, and in another two hours return to 20-below.

"The versatility of this chamber enables us to conduct a cyclic, 90-day test that approximates five years of driving in the worst corrosive environment," Lambert said. "We use it to see what will happen to a vehicle in the field, to evaluate prototype and even pre-prototype parts and to examine proposed new corrosion-protection systems."

The Environmental Chamber is one of several advanced-technology anticorrosion test systems that have enabled Ford Motor Company to offer a new, limited corrosion-perforation warranty (exhaust system components not included) on all its 1980 cars and light trucks sold in the United States. See your dealer for full details.

Ford protects all its car bodies with special precoated steels (Zincrome-

tal® and galvanized) and with plastics at several exposed parts. During the cleaning-priming-painting process, all car bodies receive additional corrosion protection. This protection includes:

- Spraying zinc phosphate on surfaces to facilitate the bond between sheet metal and primer paint,
- Immersing bodies in an electrocoat primer bath that deposits the primer electrically to total body surface,
- Applying vinyl sealers, aluminized wax and optional road-abrasion vinyl protection to body areas that are most exposed to corrosive agents.

"We use the Environmental Chamber to evaluate and improve our anticorrosion processes and materials," Lambert said. "For example, we investigate different phosphate and electrocoat systems to see which ones cover and adhere best to rocker panels and underbody components.

Other tests at the chamber, Lambert added, include measuring the paintability and corrosion protection of stone-abused coatings, plastic grilles, waxes and varieties of coated steels.

So Ford owners can take heart that while rust never sleeps — even after Ford engineers have turned in at night — the Environmental Chamber doesn't snooze either. It keeps right on baking, freezing, soaking and salting away in the continuing fight against corrosion. □

Be Nancy Kennedy's Guest



Nancy Kennedy, *Ford Times* food editor, with Joe Beyer, owner and host of the Pontchartrain Wine Cellars in Detroit, Michigan. The restaurant is featured in *Ford Times Favorite Recipes*.

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371 Favorite Recipes From
237 Famous Restaurants**

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This magnificently illustrated,
easy-to-read hardcover book
draws upon the past six years
of recipes and restaurant

descriptions from Nancy Kennedy's award-winning monthly *Ford Times* feature, "Favorite Recipes From Famous Restaurants."

Nancy has personally compiled and tested all of the recipes.

The book is perfect for your car as well as your kitchen.

For the traveler, the restaurants are organized conveniently by city and state in six major areas of North America. Included in the descriptions are directions for finding each restaurant.

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He Captured the Lumbermen's Image

In the Pacific Northwest, you
weren't a logger — until you had your
picture taken by Darius Kinsey

by Jay Stuller

THE LOGGERS snapped to attention. With a nod from their foreman they dropped axes and crosscut saws. Then, ambling across the fallen cedar and fir branches they crowded around the diminutive visitor with the bushy mustache. While the visitor fussed with a heavy camera, 11- x 14-inch glass plates and a 12-foot tripod, the rugged Pacific Northwest lumbermen rubbed their hands in dirt to rid themselves of cutting oil, straightened neckerchiefs and suspenders just so, and tipped their round-brimmed hats back so the folks at home could see their handsome mugs. A visit by Darius Kinsey was indeed an occasion.

In the late 1800s and early 1900s, photography, particularly in the logging camps of western Washington state, was still a novelty. With Instamatics and SX-70s decades in the future, "picture-makers" had to have great technical skills. Darius Kinsey,

widely considered *the* "picture-maker of the forest," was perhaps the most beloved man to ever hoist a Press Graflex in the Puget Sound logging camps.

There were other photographers who tried Darius Kinsey's territory, but most were not welcome. Churlish foremen did not take kindly to natural journalistic instincts that interrupted their work and led cameramen to shoot the tragedies of the forest: fires, equipment crushed by rolling logs, accidents that maimed and killed.

But Kinsey was there to record the image of the logger, showcasing the men and their work, making his living by selling them prints for 50 cents apiece. The loggers treasured this record of their existence, often giving prints to family or a girl friend back in Seattle.

Said Palmer Lewis, a logger-turned-Seattle-businessman, "Kinsey



was charged with a contagious enthusiasm that made you feel important to be photographed by him. He was allowed around any of the operations." Indeed, when Kinsey died in 1945 at the age of 76 he left behind more than 5,000 of his negatives. The collection has had several owners and is now closely guarded by the Whatcom Museum of History and Art in Bellingham, Washington. (Museum officials are currently engaged in a major fund-raising effort to pay for, conserve and catalog the Kinsey collection.) A great many other of Kinsey's photos are owned by logging companies and private individuals throughout the Northwest. Samples of Kinsey's work and much of what is known about him also can be found in *This Was Logging* (Superior Publishing Company, 708 Sixth Avenue, North, Seattle, Washington 98111, \$15.95), by Ralph Andrews.

At the age of 20, Darius headed west from his native Missouri to join a brother in western Washington. The pair picked hops, saved money, bought several lots in the town of Snoqualmie and even built a small hotel. But Darius, ever curious, developed an interest in the fad of photography. He went to Seattle, bought a camera, took lessons and set up a business.

At first he shot only weddings and family picnics. In 1896 he married Tib Pritts, who became his right arm in the studio.

He'd considered locating in Seattle, which would no doubt have provided a lucrative career, but as his

confidence and ability to shoot out-of-doors grew, the character of the loggers tugged at his interest.

It's no wonder they intrigued Kinsey when he first saw them on Seattle's notorious "skid road," blowing six to eight months' pay in a few short days.

In Seattle, celebrating a brief respite from the forest, they quickly lost their cash to liquor, women and gamblers. Then, the rangy and gaunt woodsmen, mostly immigrants from northern Europe, would trudge back to the forest, poorer in finance, but wealthy with raucous stories.

Yet Kinsey did not romanticize his subjects. He disdained flash photos, using only available light. His subjects were ordinary men in their own familiar element. Most were mustachioed, wearing dirty shirts, pants rolled up at the cuffs and held by suspenders, and calkboots, which had metal spikes on the soles for traction in a slippery environment. The loggers are often in repose; they had to stay still for the camera, which had a slow shutter speed.

He used an 11- x 14-inch Eastman View camera, a Press Graflex, a 20- x 24-inch Empire State View camera, a double lens Stereoscopic Premo and all sizes of tripods. Wrote Andrews of the Empire State View camera, "Operation of this monster would have instantly discouraged any present-day cameraman. The plate holder alone, loaded with two standard polychrome glass plates, weighed over twenty-five pounds."

As Kinsey's business progressed,



so did logging. He chronicled the change from the mule teams pulling logs down the skid road to the steam-powered cable winch. Where logging operations in the early days had to stay within easy reach of a river so the logs could be floated to the mill, railroads and trucks allowed the timbermen to push even farther into the stands of Douglas fir, hemlock, cedar and spruce.

These shots of trucks and machines, however, lacked the charm and intimacy of the men with handtools. And since his equipment was primitive by modern, single-lens reflex standards, Kinsey had limitations

he didn't even know existed.

For more than 40 years this technician worked the camps, dodging branches and logs, and avoiding harm like the best of the timber stiffs. Then one day in 1940, at the age of 71, he climbed a stump to get a better angle, slipped, fell and broke several ribs. After the accident, he never again ventured into the forest.

Kinsey was fond of saying, "You aren't a logger until you own a dollar watch and have your picture taken with a tree." In the Pacific Northwest, you weren't a logger until you had your picture taken by Darius Kinsey. □



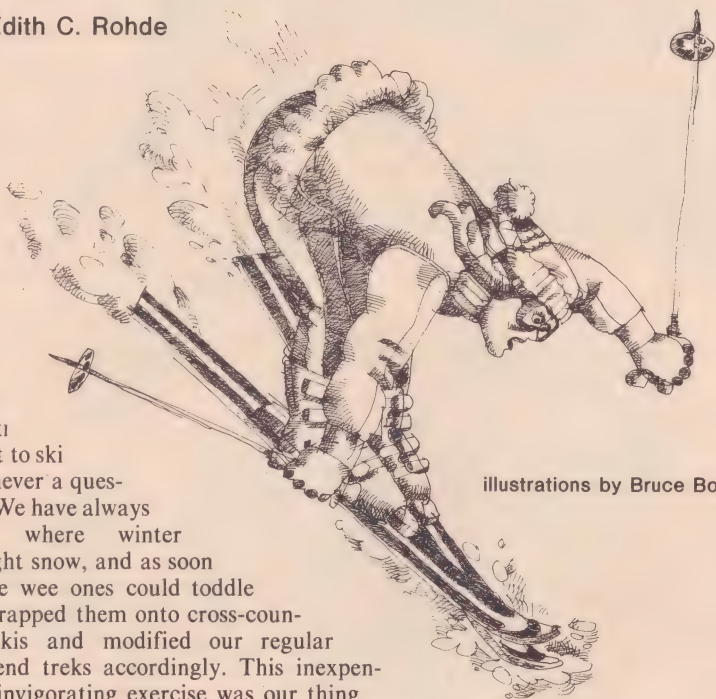
A Crash Course in Self-Awareness

Taking to the downhill slopes brought unexpected benefits

by Edith C. Rohde

T^O
SKI
or not to ski was never a question. We have always lived where winter brought snow, and as soon as the wee ones could toddle we strapped them onto cross-country skis and modified our regular weekend treks accordingly. This inexpensive, invigorating exercise was our thing.

Having instilled the idea early that skiing is as natural as walking, we should not have been surprised



illustrations by Bruce Bond

at all to realize that by the time our toddlers turned teenagers they considered skiing as essential as breathing. However, a change had come about in the angle of the activity.

Our cross-country creepy crawlers developed quite early into downhill daredevils. Far too soon I found my-

self alone on the trails, abandoned every weekend. The children ate, drank, breathed and slept downhill skiing. If I had been honest with myself, I would have realized that I resented their compulsion more than just a little bit.

They insisted that I join them on the slopes. Me! At my age! How kind of them, but crazy. My sense of bal-



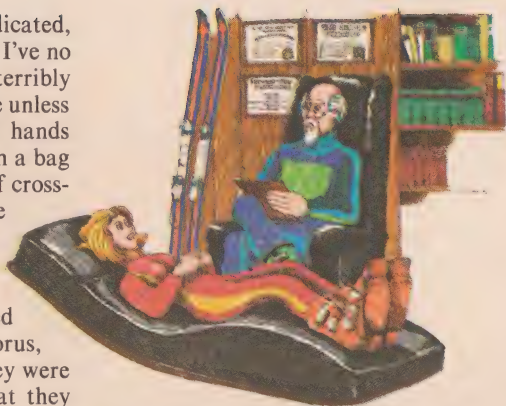
ance is atrocious. (I'm a dedicated, but inept cross-country skier.) I've no courage or agility, and I'm terribly self-conscious in front of people unless I'm sitting quietly with my hands folded in my lap. I'd have worn a bag over my head if the isolation of cross-country ski trails hadn't made complete anonymity possible.

When my husband succumbed to their cries of "Please, just try it" and added his encouragement to the chorus, I began to falter. After all, they were eager to share an interest that they thought would light up my life.

That's how I arrived at a lovely, well-known ski resort for a week we couldn't afford and with the "chance of a lifetime" all around me. It wasn't as if we were back home where everyone we knew was on the slopes or in the lodge and could watch me make a fool of myself. I ventured forth. Like a child who with eyes shut assumes invisibility, I reasoned that since no one there knew me I could not actually be seen.

I chose a beginning class, and, since I'd dealt with skis before and most of the others had not, I was the star pupil. This kind of skiing, which locked you onto the skis, was more fun and much easier than I'd expected, even when we left level ground. The hill was scary, but I managed it from top to bottom with only a few falls and basked in the encouragement of the class and instructor.

My big moment came not when I realized I could ski downhill, but



when I discovered that my daughter was hanging around the edges of the area watching me with pride. The smile on her face and approval in her eyes as she yelled, "You're doing great Mom!" convinced me that more was at stake in this issue than I'd imagined.

After the lesson, and feeling a bit heady with the morning's success, I went off alone and ended up perched on top of a gentle hill in tears. Afraid to descend, ashamed because I knew I could do it but wouldn't move, I wept with anger and frustration.

So typical of me. As long as I was part of the crowd, I could do what I lacked the courage to try alone. Right then and there I vowed I'd never embark on such madness again. That resolve lasted until I realized it was time for the next set of lessons. I'd already paid for them! To boot, giving up was a very bad example to set for the kids.

I rushed to the lesson line and when asked "What level?" blurted

out a hasty explanation of my trials and tears. Bless that foreign-born gentleman. He smiled and said with a heavy accent, much concern and a kindly wink, "Perhaps for you we need a psychiatrist, not a teacher."

With one other frightened beginner and a patient instructor whose middle name must have been Positive Reinforcement, I traveled that silly hill over and over and over again until I felt sure of myself and proud.

At the end of the lesson the tanned young teacher suggested I join him the next day to tackle "the mountain" with a class of "intermediate beginners." "I know you can do it," he insisted, and this time I knew I could, too.

The exhilaration of the accomplishment was reward enough, but the admiration of my family bowled me over. We went out to dinner to celebrate my triumph. As they raised their glasses to toast my upgraded status as a skier, I heard my son say

with satisfaction, "Now you're one of us." I knew I was hooked.

Concern for the welfare of and interaction with my family gave me the determination to persevere.

Nowadays we ski at a casual, friendly place where all the faces are familiar. I've long since accepted being seen on the hill. That was an easy adjustment to make when my introduction was often a shouted, "Hey, that's my mom. She hasn't been skiing long. Doesn't she do good!"

I'm still very much a beginner for the same reasons I was so late in beginning. One day recently as I sat in the middle of the intermediate slope (never mind how I happened to be there) bemoaning my inexpertise, I contemplated advice I'd been given and wondered why I wasn't doing better.

"You're too cautious," they had counseled. "Let yourself go."

Sitting in the snow with my bottom beginning to cool, I started to grin and then to giggle. Was I being coached on skiing or on living? I got up, shoved off and swooshed, scared silly, to the end of the liftline, not allowing myself to sit or fall once. What a thrill!

Clearly, what I need is a more courageous, straightforward approach to everyday ups and downs. Many of my moments on the ski slopes remind me of that all winter long. Some may ski to stay in shape for bathing suits. I ski to tone up for daily existence. Each time I make a successful maneuver or tackle a new traverse I gain confidence in skiing. And in me. □



The "Specs" Are Running in Florida

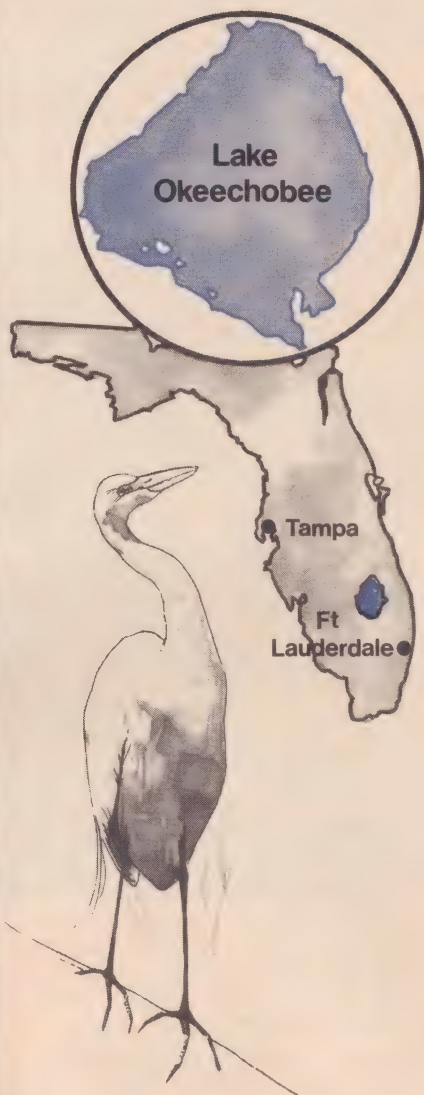


story and photos by George X. Sand

“GOLLY PETE! Now this is what I came to Florida for!” Surrounded by a hundred other busy small boats, the portly man in the bright red shirt gave a delighted roar as he swung yet another bristling panfish aboard his rented outboard skiff.

“Let ‘em keep all that expensive ocean jazz!” he whooped as an afterthought. “Just gimme these specs — any ol’ day!”

“Well . . . reckon yuh gottem, stranger!” someone hooted good-naturedly as the visitor pulled in



another speckled perch — his 34th.

The stout man's excited voice had been carrying well across the calm lake water, permitting those of us in the other boats to piece together the background for his present joy. A frustrated freshwater bass fisherman from Ohio, he had come to Florida this winter with a keen desire to catch a sailfish.

He had become disenchanted, however, after a near-week of "draggin' a ballyhoo bait all over the Gulf Stream" without success.

Adverse windy weather may have been the undoing of this luckless visitor, or else the fish in the sea had temporarily become a disinterested lot. But then, fortunately, this tourist had learned of a Florida inland fish that bites *best* in winter.

The state's Freshwater Fish Commission was concerned because Lake Okeechobee had too many speckled perch waiting to be caught. The Commission was pleading for thousands of anglers to travel to this big inland sea of fresh water and to catch the Florida limit of 50 "specs" per person. There were an estimated eight million of these black crappie in the big south Florida lake and the tasty half-pound (average) fish needed to be reduced in number for their own good.

"I couldn't believe my ears!" the portly man in the red shirt roared now at no one in particular, pulling in his 35th spec. "The biologists say that only one out of every eight of these fish is being caught . . . that the other seven million are left to die of

old age, after maybe three or four years!"

It's true. This despite the fact each year from late winter until early spring Florida residents and tourists become "spec crazy," fishing feverishly for these scrappy little crappie at every opportunity. Excitement reigns as hordes of these dark green, silvery fish (which go to 1½ pounds) make their annual spawning runs into rivers, creeks and canals that connect with Lake Okeechobee and other large lakes in the long Florida drainage system, where one of every 12 inland acres is water.

Florida has 30,000 lakes. (Winter Haven claims 188 within its city limits alone.) Many are chain-connected throughout the Kissimmee River valley that drains southward into 750-square-mile Lake Okeechobee. Another excellent range for specs is the St. Johns River drainage. It begins in the Cape Canaveral area and flows northward — on the eastern side of the long peninsula state — to empty into the sea at Jacksonville.

Throughout this long fishing mid-way, Mr. Spec reigns as king when the runs are on. Grandparents mingle happily together with shouting children and their parents as shorelines, bridges, dams and spillways bristle with the long cane "cork poles" favored by speckled perch anglers.

Thousands of families leave home to set up housekeeping as close as possible to the action. This may be in a fish camp or a trailer park, often simply at the water's edge somewhere.

Meanwhile, the eager anglers live in recreational vehicles, trailers, motor homes and tents.

Great numbers of the delicious little fish are taken home in ice chests for deep-freezing. Often, when the chests threaten to overflow, impromptu "spec fries" are held right at the fishing site.

Everyone within shouting range is apt to be invited. It is not unusual for delighted Florida visitors attending these parties to renew acquaintances with other "snowbirds" remembered from a previous winter's speckled perch hysteria.

The excitement lasts "from first cold weather to last cold weather" and anyone capable of dunking a Missouri minnow (the favorite bait) can enjoy this big free fishing extravaganza. Anglers in the age bracket 15 to 65 will need a fishing license (\$6.50 for residents; \$5.50 for nonresidents for five days, \$7.50 for 14 days). A cane pole costs \$3, or less. An outboard skiff with motor rents for about \$10 per half day. Campsites cost from \$3 to \$7 nightly; fish camp cabins from \$12 to \$18 for two persons.

To the tip of the cane pole is tied a length of 15- or 20-pound breaking test monofilament line, about as long as the pole (usually 14 feet). At the opposite end of the line is attached a cork or plastic bobber. It is adjusted to float about two feet above a No. 1 or No. 2 hook that is held down with a No. 7 split-shot. The hook is passed through the back, or lips, of the minnow to insure that it will remain alive.



Sometimes a cricket or freshwater shrimp is used, instead.

This "king of Florida's panfish" will also hit popping bugs and other flies, small spinners and spoons. (An ultra-light spinning outfit, such as Zebco's 144XL with four- or six-pound test line, can provide fantastic action!)

When these perch are in a feeding frenzy — something that may take place when specs do not leave their spawning beds to feed — they have been known to strike discarded caps from soft drink cans!

The beds are usually built in shallow water, near the bases of cattails and other standing aquatic vegetation, and experienced spec anglers seek such places accordingly. Depending upon water temperature, and other factors, the fish may be found at depths from six inches to eight feet or more. To find them it is customary to slow-troll or drift about with four or more pole lines at various depths.

This is inland Florida, quite different in its attractions, with a lifestyle less active and less expensive than that of the state's two "gold-plated" seacoasts. In the Lake Okeechobee area, for example, when a queen is chosen to reign during the annual Speckled Perch Festival, you may be lucky and win a live steer. (Fish catches are weighed in at a supermarket.)

A festive air reigns as laughing people engage in catfish and swamp-cabbage eating contests. The flat prairies around the bottom of the big lake consist of rich peat bog ("black gold")

from which spring lush crops several times each year, causing this area to be called "The Nation's Winter Vegetable Basket." Conducted tours take visitors through these unique farming areas that are protected by hurricane levees said to be the largest earth-moving operations undertaken since construction of the Panama Canal.

Visitors also are welcome at a 35,000-acre Seminole Indian reservation that borders Lake Okeechobee's northwestern shore.

Bird life is spectacular throughout the Okeechobee area, with more than 100 varieties of egrets, ibises, herons, pelicans and other equally interesting water birds available at times.

Florida's largest livestock market is in Okeechobee City; as many as 4,000 animals have been sold in one day. There are 30 dairy farms about the lake shore, with some 30,000 cows milked daily. Here the public can inspect the largest independently owned dairy in the United States. There is no charge for admission.

Here (at Clewiston), too, is the largest raw cane sugar house in the nation. This factory processes 9,000 tons of the bamboo-like cane stalks daily, in season. There are about 300,000 acres of sugar cane fields and 10 mills south of the big lake.

Of note for the angler, however, is the abundance of fishing camps, boat rental docks and launching ramps throughout this "spec range," from the panhandle to the Everglades.

And that abundance includes the supply of fish, too. □

Mustang:

A Sports Car for Everyone

by Thomas J. Sterling





Mustang two-door with Sport Option

FROM THE moment Mustang appeared on the scene in 1964 it was evident that here was a car born to a special niche in automotive history. In the ensuing years it has added to its reputation as a fine car and a sales success, going through refinements, improving, emerging now in 1980 with such a range of models and options that it can be — and is — a sports car, a personal car and an economy car.

Of particular interest for the present day is the 1980 Mustang's great improvement in fuel economy. When equipped with its standard power team — a 2.3-liter four-cylinder engine with a four-speed manual transmission — Mustang has an EPA estimate of [23] mpg and a highway rating of 38 mpg.* This represents a 10 per cent fuel-economy improvement in the estimated mpg and a 23 per cent

improvement in the highway rating over a comparably equipped 1979 Mustang.

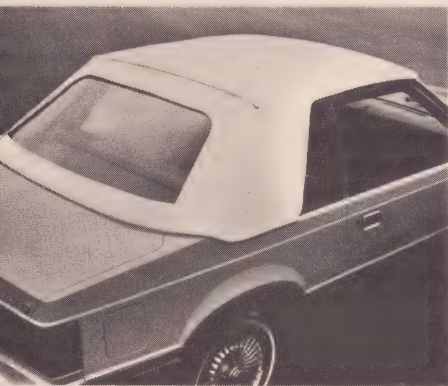
But the Mustang is much more than a car with a reduced appetite for fuel. For example, it has now been officially designated as a sports car by the United States Auto Club, which sanctions important auto races, such as the Indianapolis 500.

Whichever of the five Mustang models is chosen, whether the two-door or the three-door hatchback, the buyer, regardless of his age, joins those who take pleasure in the jauntiness and cheerfulness of youth, those for whom a sports car is an expression of one's personality.

Leaving aside its attractive and appealing body styles, Mustang in 1980 has important engine news. Besides the more efficient 2.3-liter mentioned above, it has a new 4.2-liter (255-CID) V-8 with automatic transmission. This latest generation of "small-block" V-8s from Ford provides better fuel economy than the engine it replaces.

In addition to this is a 3.3-liter (200-CID) Six (introduced late in the '79 model year), which features a seven-main-bearing crankshaft, hydraulic valve lifters and a precision cast-iron block. This engine is available with either a four-speed manual overdrive or three-speed automatic transmission. Mustang's powertrain

Optional carriage roof



*For comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. California estimates are lower. Your actual highway mileage probably will be less.



Mustang three-door Ghia

lineup also includes a turbocharged 2.3-liter engine with either a four-speed manual transmission or an optional three-speed automatic.

Just as Mustang offers variety in power plants it offers variety in luxury and styling. The Mustang Ghia, available with two and three doors, is the most luxurious of the 1980 Mustangs. It achieves its distinctive look with full wraparound bodyside molding, which includes rub-strip extensions with dual color-keyed accent stripes, and bright rocker-panel moldings. Turbine-style wheel covers, Ghia identification badges and body pin-striping complete the look.

Inside, Ghia luxury features are highlighted by low-back bucket seats with European-style headrests and a luxury four-spoke steering wheel. Included are a pivotal map/dome light

and lights for the ash tray, glove box, engine compartment and trunk. For an even more luxurious appearance, Ghia offers optional leather-with-vinyl in six colors or cloth-with-vinyl trims in five colors.

The sportiest of the Mustangs is the Cobra, offered as a three-door hatchback. Its standard equipment includes such high-performance features as a turbocharged 2.3-liter engine, a four-speed floor-shift manual transmission, Michelin TRX tires with metric forged-aluminum wheels and a specially tuned suspension, and sports-tuned exhaust. The Cobra also is available with Ford's new 4.2-liter (255-CID) V-8.

Mustang's versatile two-door standard equipment package for 1980 includes all-vinyl high-back bucket seats, color-keyed door-trim panels

with carpeting, deluxe cut-pile carpeting, a woodtone-appliqué instrument panel, a lockable glove-box, a day/night rearview mirror, and full instrumentation including a tachometer, trip odometer, ammeter, and temperature and oil-pressure gauges.

Among the more attractive Mustang options for 1980 are the Recaro seats, which can provide wonderful comfort, especially on a long drive. They are orthopedically designed and feature a reclining backrest with side supports, and adjustable thigh supports. They can move forward or backward, and recline.

Other options available include a tilt steering wheel, speed control, flip-up open-air roof, power door locks and decklid/liftgate release, rear-window wiper-washer, five entertainment systems and a console that includes a warning-display module and an electronic digital clock with day, date and elapsed-time functions.

Efficient use of interior space is one of Mustang's great features. Mus-



Reclining Recaro seats

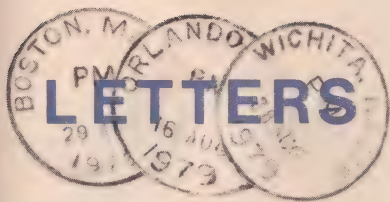
tang's design offers a lot of room for a car of its size. Compared with its predecessor, the present Mustang has up to three inches more front shoulder room, two inches more front hip room, five inches more rear leg room, four inches more rear shoulder room, and six inches more rear hip room. These increases make a genuine difference in the car's comfort.

As a sports car, personal car or family car, on wide-open roads or on quiet neighborhood streets, Mustang's sporty styling offers broad appeal. In design, Mustang puts emphasis on efficiency. Sleek and aerodynamic outside, its seating is surprisingly roomy for a car of Mustang's size. □

Optional rear window wiper/washer



Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.



Short Stop on Long Haul

While we were vacationing in North Carolina with our 1978 Bronco and a travel trailer, the Bronco developed engine trouble. We obtained directions to Lafayette Motor Sales, Inc., a Ford dealership in Fayetteville. They took care of our Bronco in about an hour and sent us on our way. Lafayette Motor Sales has our thanks for a job well done with Southern hospitality to boot!

Mrs. John Bardin
Pine Bush, New York

A Record of Ford Songs?

In your issue of June 1978, when you were celebrating Ford's 75th anniversary, you published an article called "They Sang About Fords," which mentioned some of the songs about Ford Motor Company and Ford cars. The ones titled *The Ford March* and *Two-Step* and *Henry's Made a Lady Out of Lizzie* sound like real winners. Have any of these songs been put on records?

William F. Hoverson
Manvel, North Dakota

Editor's note: Not so far as we know. However, we have been considering the possibility of issuing a record devoted solely to Ford songs. This will not be decided in the immediate future, but we'd like to hear from readers who might welcome such a record.



The Real McCoy

We enjoyed reading about "Wyoming's Determined Tree" in the January *Ford Times*. My family stopped during a trip in the West three years ago to see this more-than-a-century-old tree growing out of a granite outcropping. Since your story showed only an artist's rendering of what the tree looked like, I thought you might like to see this snapshot my husband took of the real McCoy. Incidentally, that's me with our son, Ed, in front of the tree.

Mrs. Grant Huckabone
Dearborn, Michigan



"Land o' the Livin', Monterey Monticello!"

It's better than cussin'

by Dorothy Beecher Artes

illustrations by Walter Brightwell

MY NEIGHBOR is 90 years old, a remarkable and sharp-witted widow. I consider it a pleasure to check on her every day. I like to think my visits brighten her life a little. *She* says they do.

She has a deep faith in God, prayer and the human race, in that order. Anyway, I noticed long ago that when she is surprised, irritated or shocked, she invariably says, "land o' the livin', Monterey Monticello!" I finally *had* to ask her what it meant. We were on her porch and she gave her rocker a little start with her foot. I experienced the delicious pleasure I always feel when she starts the rocker, because this means a story. Her stories are

verbal jewels that brighten *my* life. They come straight out of the Tennessee hills where she and her family before her were born and reared. They never fail to be good, solid stories revealing a touch of courage or splendor, often simple, but pregnant with moral meanings.

She chuckled as her rocker picked up speed. Then she said, "My mother was horrified when her sister Nell named her baby daughter Monterey Monticello when there were plenty of sensible names like Sara Jane, but name her that she did. Course, Mama, Aunt Nell and Munry — that's what we called Monterey Monticello for short — have been dead these many years. Munry grew up and went off to college way down in the valley someplace or other, I've forgotten where. When she came back she taught in the village school. She was a hurricane in a housedress, our Munry. Before and after school, she did more than her share of chores on the farm. She gave her free time to the church, to the slow children at her schoolhouse, to the old folks round about and to anybody who needed her. Had lots of energy and a heart as big as Russia. My favorite cousin, she was.

"Munry fell in love with one of the Stratton boys. My, he was a great, tall fellow with a back as straight as a new steel pipe and just as strong. He must'a stood six and a half in his sock feet. For all her pep, Munry was a tiny woman. They both walked erect and held their heads high, as well they might. The Strattons were good, hon-

est people, as dependable as the hills that nurtured them. And, our family behaved themselves, too.

"We were surprised when Munry told us she was fixin' to marry up with Ned because he could not read nor write, and Munry had a pert, ambitious mind. Religion entered into it too. Religion meant a powerful lot to Munry. Ned was a good boy but his church goin' was irregular, and he did a bit of swearin' when he got riled. More than a bit.

"Anyway, they got married. How she loved that boy, and he her! It was a pretty thing to watch, a real pretty thing to watch. A year later, there was still no sign of a baby on the way. When more than one doctor told her there wasn't going to be any babies, her heart nearly broke.

"Hearts don't break, child, but I

guess you know that. Mama said Munry would survive, but it would mean she would concentrate all her attention on Ned. She loved him so much and would want the best for him as she would have for the children they would never have. And, Mama said if Munry was as smart as she thought Munry was, Munry wouldn't let him know she would be directing him, but she would direct him, and there was no question about that. Mama was right. With a lot of maneuvers and gentleness, she directed Ned's interest into reading and writing. He thought it was his idea, but we knew better. Once he got them under his belt, she then directed the kind of books he read. Munry was mighty pa-





triotic. She got Ned to read a lot of history and pieces about government and our state of Tennessee. Next thing we knew, he was goin' to town meetins' and affairs like that. Guess where he ended up, child?"

"I can't possibly! Where?"

"In the Congress of the United States!"

"Munry deserved a lot of the credit. I reckon she was one of the finest women I ever knew. But, like the rest of us, she wasn't perfect. Early in their marriage, Ned's cussin' began to bother her. She didn't use swear words, didn't believe in them. She didn't brood about it or nag at Ned. She came right out and told him profanity 'abused' her ears, and she thought it was sinful. She asked him if he would try to stop cussin', especially on Sunday when they were together all day.

"That boy, I think, would have cut off his fingers for Munry. He was shocked that cussin' bothered her so much. He said he would surer than shootin' try to stop it. But, he said, 'land o' the livin', Monterey Monticello, I've got to say somethin' when I get riled. What am I gonna say?' She said, 'Why don't you say just that, 'land o' the livin', Monterey Monticello?' By the time you've got all that said, you ought to be over being riled.' And then they were laughing like they did so often. Within a month or two, Ned had completely stopped using swear words. When he was handling a balky animal, or cut himself, or got aggravated at old man Higgins at the

general store, who was as mean as the devil's grandmother, Ned would burst out, sometimes right loud, too, with 'land o' the livin', Monterey Monticello!' Next thing we knew, Aunt Nell and Uncle Caleb were sayin' it, though they never did swear. Before long most of our family took it up. That's how I come to say it."

The rocker stopped. The story was over. I came along home. My husband and son loved the account. The next thing we knew, members of our family were saying it. It became a byword.

It is delightful to hear my great nephew, who is a very "mod" young man, saying, "land o' the livin', Monterey Monticello," to stress a point or express exasperation. I say it when a jar top is contrary. My husband says it when he drops a wrench. Our son says it when his car won't start. My granddaughter says it when her paper dolls will not stand up properly.

Munry's story is only the account of a hill boy's love for his wife, a love deep and strong enough that he disciplined himself to surrender a bad habit of long standing because it displeased her. It is as well the story of a loving Christian woman who loved much and wisely and well, a woman who, with tenderness and love of country, directed her man, a good man, into serving his nation with the same honesty with which he served his hill community.

It may not be a world-shaking story, but, ah, it is such a warm, human true story . . . and it's better than cussin'. □



illustrations by Marcus Hamilton

An Influential Fellow Is the Flea

by J. Norman McKenzie

MOST PEOPLE consider the flea a pest and, indeed, in the million years he has been hippity-hopping about, some very black marks have been chalked up against him. For one

thing, there was the bubonic plague. In olden days he spread it around and, although a victim himself, was responsible for countless other victims.

Even now, when the plague is not

quite the problem it once was, fleas still bite. Unlike the mosquito, who hits and runs, a flea likes to linger where he bites — sometimes for hours. The unwitting “host” may not even be aware of this tiny luncheon guest until much later when the itching starts. Flea bites are not usually serious — just annoying.

Pest he may be to most of us, but to the intellectual community — poets, composers, playwrights, scientists — the flea is often seen as not a bad chap. The British biologist Karl Jordan thought fleas “the jolliest of creatures.” Aesop, in his fables, used the flea to point a moral time and time again. The Elizabethan dramatist Christopher Marlowe saw fleas as both “pretty” and “frisking.” Shakespeare invoked their aid for some of his polished passages. So did John Donne, William Makepeace Thackeray, Hans Christian Andersen, Jonathan Swift and Samuel Johnson.

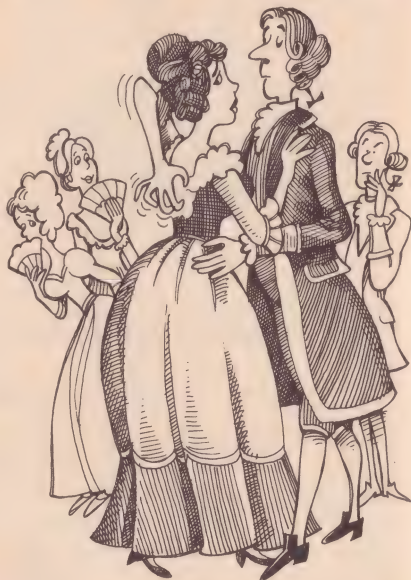
Mark Twain had his say, too. “A flea,” he observed, “can be taught nearly everything a congressman can.” (People still are puzzled; was he bad-mouthing our lawmakers or upgrading the flea?)

Through all this attention, the flea has gone his way, minding his own business, which is largely trying to stay out of reach of flailing arms and snapping jaws. Meanwhile, without being aware of it, he was having an influence on fashion, quite as he had had on literary output.

In the 17th and 18th centuries when hygiene was, at best, primitive,

fleas flourished and nobody was immune to their nibbling. They bit the brave, the beautiful, as well as the cowardly and the ugly, without fear or favor, without invitation or hindrance. In elitist circles fleas were drawn to the highly scented ladies of fashion, and many a high-placed damsel suffered at palace receptions, trying not to scratch in public lest she fall from grace and be thought common.

Many remedies were tried. One was a vial of scented water worn on a chain around the neck to lure fleas to fragrant and fatal immersion. Some ladies carried a jeweled baton so they might surreptitiously scratch their scalps beneath the soaring coiffures of



the day. Others tried the fan which, when not employed for shielding flickering eyelashes, came in handy for shooing away fleas.

The feathered boa and the fur neckpiece were fashion inventions necessitated by those swarming fleas. If there is anything a flea enjoys more than an arm or neck to nibble on, it's the fluffy softness of feathers or fur to nestle in.

Another fashion touch was the flounce on those swishy gowns of that day. Those flounces were in reality flea traps, as were the ermine collars and furbelows of the royal robes.

Had the lords and ladies of that time not been constrained by rigid rules of behavior, they might have taken a lesson from a story about the fox. According to the story, when fleas got too rambunctious for him, the fox headed for the nearest brook or stream, sought out the mossy bank and bit off a big chunk so that part of it protruded from his mouth. Next, he backed into the water, submerged first his tail, then his flanks and finally his head, until only the tip of his snout and the chunk of moss showed. Now, although fleas are fond of moisture, they dislike drowning, so as the fox submerged they scampered forward to the only dry spot — the moss. When all were assembled there, the fox took a deep breath and ducked his snout under, releasing the moss to float downstream with his marooned tormentors.

As for his place in science, the flea may yet redeem himself for the hor-

rors he wrought in spreading the plague. Shortly after the dawn of the atomic age, scientists learned that one species of flea is a kind of hopping Geiger counter, highly responsive to the deadly gamma rays that follow a nuclear blast. Long before escaping gamma rays can prove fatal, the flea flicks his antennae in early warning and hops out of danger. If we can harness this defense mechanism it may save us all from disaster.

Kinship with science is old hat with the flea. He was on hand in the 17th century when the Dutch biologist Anton van Leeuwenhoek was making microscopes and pioneering in microbiology. The fact is, for many years the microscope was more commonly known as "the flea glass."

From science to show business seems a quantum leap, but not for the flea. He has a secret weapon that makes him a natural. Who else of comparable size could leap so far or so high, or with such agility? Nobody. That's because nobody has his secret weapon — resilin, an elastic protein cached in the hindmost pair of his six legs. When danger threatens, he cocks those legs like pistols, arches his back and zooms off, leaving his attacker flailing the air.

Some enterprising 16th century Barnum harnessed that energy in the interest of profit and, lo, a new art form — the flea circus — was born. Soon it was a fixture in every carnival and fair across England and Europe. Promoters vied with one another for spectacular "acts." Fleas were liter-



ally harnessed with gossamer threads to tiny chariots that they pulled along elfin highways. Or they danced, bewigged and costumed, or they staged duels. One Italian impresario had the heroes of Waterloo — Wellington and Blucher — confronting the vanquished Napoleon, all in authentic uniforms.

Of course, the whole business was a fake. Fleas didn't dance or play instruments or wield swords or do anything but try to escape. They were harnessed, like miniature galley slaves. The pulling, the sword play, the dance steps — all were abortive

efforts, using those cocked-pistol hind legs, to quit "show business."

Even so, millions of people paid their money to gaze in fascination at this strange pageantry beneath a magnifying glass, and not just in small towns. A popular tourist attraction in New York City's Times Square was Hubert's Museum, which was still going strong at the end of World War II. For years battalions of trained fleas cavorted at Hubert's until a more sophisticated clientele turned to movies and television. Even more instrumental in the downfall of the flea circus was modern hygiene. The human flea — *Pulex irritans* — just wasn't easy to come by any more. And that was the only species that would do. Dog and cat fleas, it seems, had no show-biz talent.

There are said to be one or two impresarios still plying their trade in rural parts of France, yet for all practical purposes the flea circus is a gone goose.

But that doesn't mean the flea is finished as a gate attraction. Far from it. Curious thousands still flock to gawk at this ancient performer although now his "act" is in a museum. It's the Zoological Museum at Tring in Hertfordshire, England, and it is devoted to the ennoblement of the flea. There, beyond hurting and being hurt, repose the embalmed remains of a quarter million fleas, representing each of the known 2,000 species, including that old vaudevillian *Pulex irritans*.

Two especially prized specimens at

Tring, preserved in amber and estimated to be about one million years old, are probably the Adam and Eve of the flea family.

So, despite his follies, despite the misery and the flea bites the creature has visited upon man, his place in history is secure. He has Tring. And, for all the flea bites man and the other animals have endured, what do they have?

They have the flea collar. The idea of this latest weapon against the flea is simplicity itself. Flea collars contain the toxic chemical methyl carbamate and they dole it out in a lethal cloud — lethal this is, to ticks and other creatures less resourceful than the flea.

Chances are, flea collars will stop their share of fleas, just as ermine hems on the royal robes kept the ancestors of today's fleas in check. As for wiping out the flea, the prospects are dim.

Aesop foresaw this in his fable about an ox and a flea caught in a philosophical moment. They were comparing their lots in life. Said the ox, "Men are good to me. Now and then, they pat me on the head."

The flea looked up at him and nodded. "I know just what you mean. They would like to pat me, too — if I let them. But I take good care they don't."

And, as a final literary note to suggest the flea's talent for survival in the face of considerable odds, one might cite what is said to be the shortest poem in the English language:

"Adam had 'em."

□

There's a Lot More to Buffalo Than Snow

by Robert J. Summers

illustrations by Thomas Sgouros

MARK TWAIN and his bride lived there as newlyweds in 1870. He was editor of the *Buffalo Express*, but quit the newspaper business to write books. It was a good move. His *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* are American classics.

Another, more modern, Buffalo literary figure: Taylor Caldwell. She's 79 now, and still writing novels: *Captains and the Kings*, *Dear and Glorious Physician*, *Testimony of Two Men* and a score of others.



Sloan Wilson. He was an English professor at the University of Buffalo when he wrote *The Man In The Grey Flannel Suit*.

Most people will never forget where they were on Pearl Harbor Day



or the day the astronauts landed on the moon.

In Buffalo, people remember what they were doing on January 28, 1977, the day of "The Blizzard." It was the worst storm of the worst winter of a

city well known for its winter weather. The city was paralyzed for days and the snow that winter totaled almost 17 feet.

No one is sure how Buffalo — the natives pronounce it "Buff'lo" — got

its name. Some think the eastern shore of Lake Erie was once inhabited by the shaggy prairie animal of the same name. Others say the name came from the French words, *beau fleuve*, meaning beautiful river.

The river is the Niagara, which flows past Buffalo as it connects lakes Erie and Ontario. Along the way the river drops over Niagara Falls and generates enough electricity to light several cities.

Two or three presidents lived in Buffalo, depending on how you count them. Another president was murdered there and another took office in Buffalo.

Millard Fillmore and Grover Cleveland were local boys who made it to the White House.



Fillmore, the 13th president, led the nation from 1850 to 1853. Legend says he was the first president to install a bathtub in the White House.

Cleveland, once Buffalo's mayor, is counted as the 22nd and the 24th president. He was the only president ever to win office again after losing it. He was elected in 1884, defeated in 1888, and elected in 1892. He married a Buffalo gal, Frances Folsom. He was the only president married in the White House.

William McKinley, the 25th president, was killed in Buffalo, shot by an assassin while visiting the 1901 Pan American Exposition. After McKinley's death, Theodore Roosevelt took the oath of office in a house on Delaware Avenue.



Delaware Avenue, one of Buffalo's most beautiful streets, has been the scene of many important events.

John R. Oshei was driving his roadster down Delaware during a rainstorm one afternoon in 1916. The rain blurred his vision and he accidentally struck a man on a bicycle. Oshei got to thinking and soon after invented the windshield wiper and set up the Trico Products Corp., which still is one of the country's major windshield wiper manufacturers.

Other Buffalo residents — they're known as "Buffalonians" — have been inventive geniuses.

Ever fly in a Bell helicopter? That was started by Lawrence D. Bell of Buffalo.

Ever stay at a Statler hotel? Ellsworth M. Statler opened his first hotel in Buffalo in 1908. It was the first hotel in the country with a telephone and a bath in every room. His slogan was, "A room with a bath for a dollar and a half."

And don't forget Dr. Alfred P. Southwick, the Buffalo dentist who invented the electric chair because he wanted a more humane alternative to hanging. The chair's first victim was William Kemmler, a Buffalo murderer who was executed in 1890.

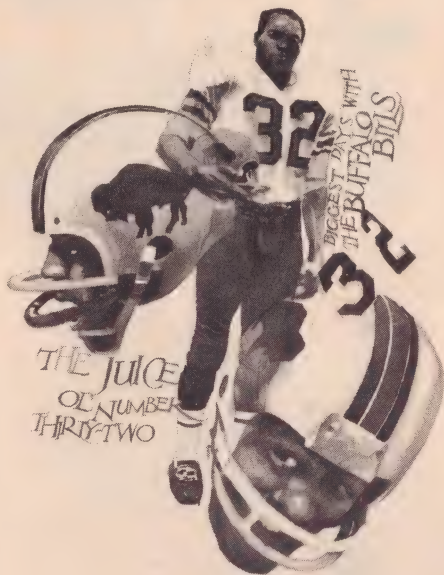
In the early days, Buffalo grew big because it was at the western end of the Erie Canal and was a jumping off point for folks heading west. Remember Wells Fargo, the stagecoach line? The Fargo was William G., from Buffalo.

No, William "Buffalo Bill" Cody,

was the famous frontiersman, was not from Buffalo. But they named the football team after him anyway.

Sports heroes abound.

Warren Spahn. Many consider him the best left-handed pitcher ever to throw a baseball past a hitter. He hurled no-hitters for the Braves when he was 39 and 40 years old. Spahn



won 363 games lifetime and made the Hall of Fame. Not bad for a skinny kid from South Park High School.

Jimmy Collins. Another Buffalo ballplayer in the Baseball Hall of Fame. He managed Boston to victory in the first World Series, in 1903.

Joseph Vincent McCarthy lived much of his life in Buffalo. He was

Babe Ruth's manager. McCarthy led the Yankees to eight pennants and seven world championships.

The Juice. O. J. Simpson made his mark in the National Football League while playing for the Bills. A game-

investigative reporting. Bruce Shanks, of the same paper, won in 1958 for editorial cartooning. And Michael Bennett. He created the Broadway musical *A Chorus Line* and won a 1976 Pulitzer for drama.

Famous people in theater and TV. Katharine Cornell (1898-1974) was a Buffalo native, the daughter of a surgeon who later gave up medicine to become a theater owner and impresario in Buffalo. Called by many the "First Lady of the American Theater," she is probably best remembered for her role in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* on Broadway. The theater at the University of Buffalo is named for her.

Jack Paar, the former *Tonight Show* host, worked at a Buffalo radio station (WBEN) as a "morning man" in 1942, when he was 25. He is still remembered for such things as a soap opera called *Joyce Jingle*.

An old folksong says, "The Erie is rising, the whiskey's getting low and I don't think I'll get a drink 'till I get to Buffalo."

When Buffalo drinks, it's usually beer. And lots of it. Genesee, Koch's, Schmidt's and Labatt's are big sellers. Some places will put free tomato juice in your beer. It's called a "red eye."

When Buffalonians drink they like to munch on local delicacies. Roast beef on salty *kummelweck* rolls. Barbecued chicken wings and spare ribs. Greek *souvlaki* sandwiches with feta cheese. And "Texas" red hots with chili sauce.

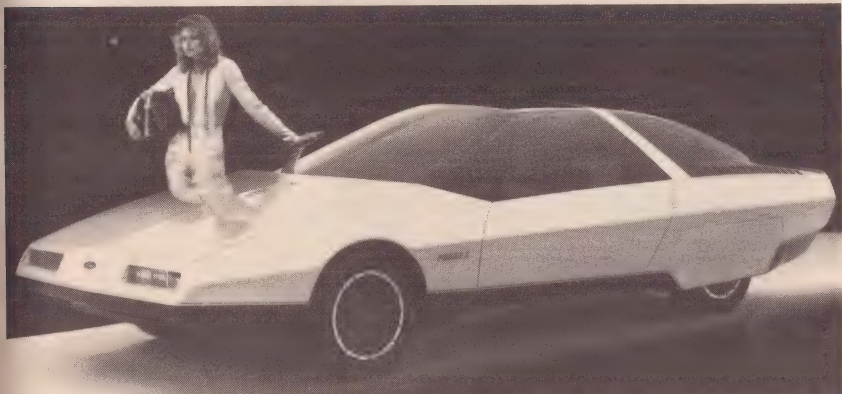
Shuffle off some time. □



breaker and record-breaker extraordinaire. Did you know the O. J. really stands for Orenthal James?

Pulitzer Prize winners. Buffalo's got three. Edgar May of the *Buffalo Evening News* got the 1961 award for

Probing Aerodynamics for Fuel Economy



by Ray Newman

A NEW CONCEPT car developed by Ford Motor Company is as sleek as its name sounds.

"Probe I is the ultimate aerodynamic car," said Donald F. Kopka, executive director of Ford's Advanced and International Design Studio. "It has an air drag rating of .25 — lower than that of any other American car.

"Probe I has been designed realistically for a driver and three passengers, and should not be considered just another test exercise."

In recent years automakers have intensified their application of aerodynamics to automotive design because of the fuel-economy benefits. Lower air drag means less power is required to propel a vehicle, which results in less fuel being used.

Designed as a typical car of the

late 1980s or beyond, Probe I has a projected highway fuel economy of 39 mpg. The car is a three-door hatchback about the size of a Ford Mustang and would be powered by a four-cylinder engine with turbocharging capacity.

The car is made of composite body panels, including extensive use of plastic alloys and thin glass. The aerodynamic effect is carried out even in the use of clear plastic wheel covers and plastic fender skirts to help keep air drag at a minimum.

A retractable instrument panel is coordinated with the opening and closing of Probe I's doors. Headrests are electronically controlled, and the car can be started by a universal credit card that also can be used to buy gas and pay tolls. □



Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS by Nancy Kennedy



BONSOIR CHARLES

RESTAURANT

SAN CLEMENTE, CALIFORNIA

Put together a talented artist with a love for fine foods and the ability to prepare and serve them, and the result is an experience in fine dining. Charles Baron, a portrait painter, and his wife Jacqueline are justly proud of their unique concept of a restaurant and the *prix-fixe* six-course dinners they serve Wednesday through Sunday during the winter and Tuesday through Sunday in summer. Reservations are required. Fine china and glassware complement the French cuisine. The restaurant is at 211 North El Camino Real near the San Diego Freeway and Palizada.

Ducklings with Apricot Sauce

- 2 ducklings about 4 pounds each
- 1 cup chopped celery tops

- 1 chopped onion
- 2 chopped apples (optional)
- 14-ounce can apricot halves
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup red wine vinegar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup ketchup
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pickle relish
- Few drops Tabasco sauce
- Orange juice

Wash ducklings and pat them dry. Rub insides with salt and pepper. Mix celery tops, onion and apple and place in duck cavities. Place on rack in an open pan and prick duck in several spots so melting fat will run off. Roast at 325° until tender, about 30 minutes to the pound. Pour off fat as it accumulates. Drain apricots and put juice in blender. Reserve 6 apricot halves and put remaining ones in blender with wine vinegar, ketchup, sugar, relish and Tabasco. Blend at medium speed 15 seconds. Turn mixture into double boiler and heat through. Dilute 1 cup sauce with orange juice and glaze ducklings frequently during last 30 minutes. Remove to hot platter, spread tops with apricot sauce and garnish with apricot halves. Serves 6 to 8.

FLYING CLOUD CAFE

ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY

Dining on the docks in this quaint, nautical setting is an experience to remember. The restaurant is in a building used as a crash boat station during World War II. It is adjacent to the famous clipper ship, *Flying Cloud*, and surrounded by a turn-of-the-century maritime village. Although there are a few landlubber favorites on the menu, the emphasis is on sea fare from nearby waters. The cafe is at Gardner's Basin near Melrose Avenue and New Hampshire Avenue. It is open daily for lunch and dinner except from January 1 to March 31.

Shrimp Sherry

- 4 tablespoons butter
- 5 garlic cloves, crushed
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds shrimp, peeled and deveined
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup fresh lemon juice
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon white pepper
- 1 cup cooking sherry
- 2 tablespoons chopped fresh parsley
- 2 tablespoons chopped chives
- Salt to taste

Melt butter in large skillet. Add garlic, shrimp, lemon juice and pepper. Cook, stirring, until shrimp turns pink (about 5 minutes). Add sherry, parsley and chives. Return to boiling, then serve immediately over cooked rice. Garnish with lemon and parsley. Serves 4.

GUY WELLIVER'S SMORGASBORD HAGERSTOWN, INDIANA

As the name implies, this restaurant is best known for its lavish assortment of foods that grace the smorgasbord buffet. It has been a focal point for the past 32 years. Five dining rooms can accommodate small groups and as many as 25 or more. The restaurant is at 40 Main Street and open for dinner Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Reservations are not necessary, but it is best to check on serving hours. Hagerstown is north of I-70, 22 miles west of the Ohio border. Take the Hagerstown exit to State Highway 1.

Cream of Onion Soup

- 6 tablespoons margarine
- 4 tablespoons flour
- 4 cups milk
- 2 cups chicken stock
- 1 cup chopped onions
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely cut green onions
- 4 tablespoons cream

Melt 2 tablespoons margarine in top of double boiler. Add flour and mix well. Add milk and chicken stock. Beat with wire whip to blend together and keep smooth. Sauté onions in 4 tablespoons margarine 3 minutes. Add to soup mixture and cook 15 minutes. Add salt, pepper, green onions and cream. Stir to blend and serve. Serves 6.

EMMELINE AND HESSIE RESTAURANT ST. SIMONS ISLAND, GEORGIA

Whether you arrive by land or sea, this restaurant at the end of the causeway in the Golden Isles Marina will be well worth the trip. Overlooking the Intracoastal Waterway, it is open for lunch and dinner daily in a setting of lush plants and trees. The restaurant specializes in unusual seafood dishes using the bounty of local waters, and features fresh baked goods and desserts. Closed New Year's Day. Take Golden Isles Parkway Exit (U.S. 17) from I-95.

Baked Walnut Fudge

Beat 4 eggs with 2 cups sugar. Blend in 1 cup melted butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup unsweetened

cocoa, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts and 2 teaspoons vanilla. Beat until smooth, pour into 9-inch-square pan and set in larger pan. Pour in hot water to surround smaller pan to depth of 1 inch. Bake at 350° for one hour. Serve warm topped with ice cream. Serves 6.

Raspberry Meringue Bars

Beat $\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter and $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar until light. Beat in 2 egg yolks and $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted flour. Spread in 13 x 9 x 2-inch pan. Bake at 350° for 15 minutes. Cool and spread with 1 cup raspberry preserves and sprinkle with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flaked coconut. Beat 2 egg whites until stiff. Gradually beat in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar until peaks form. Fold in 1 cup chopped walnuts, spread over baked layer and bake at 350° 25 minutes, until lightly golden. Cool and cut into bars.

Escape to Alcatraz

by William E. Pauli

photos by Richard Frear

MENTION SAN FRANCISCO and my mind immediately conjures up all sorts of idyllic pleasures — cable car rides up Powell Street, walks through Chinatown, drinks at the Top of the Mark, sourdough bread with dinner at Ernie's, browsing Ghirardelli Square and Fisherman's Wharf, crossing the Golden Gate Bridge at sunset, being locked in solitary confinement on Alcatraz. Alcatraz?

I agree. The last does sound like the typical tourist trap. And, when some San Francisco friends recently suggested that my wife and I accompany them on a tour of the infamous "Rock," our reaction was pretty much the same.

But to our surprise we found out we were wrong. Today, we believe a visit to the city by the bay isn't complete without including this legendary 12-acre stronghold on your itinerary. As a matter of fact, according to the National Park Service, which conducts the island tours, the notorious landmark is the most popular attraction in San Francisco Bay.

What makes Alcatraz — a defunct federal prison — so alluring that over 500,000 people a year shell out \$2 each to spend an hour and a half hiking about a deserted island, inhabited only by sea gulls and pelicans, peering at burned-out buildings and trooping through an empty cell block? We took off from Pier 43 to find out.

As our water taxi churned through the choppy bay I had to admit that Alcatraz, perhaps because of its inaccessibility, had always fascinated me. During the mid-50s, I, like thousands before me, would use up most of my pocket change to spy on the island through public binoculars lining Fisherman's Wharf.

Perhaps we were hoping to spot a "bull" making his rounds, machine gun at the ready, along one of the many catwalks that surround the high prison walls. Did we relish being so close to some of the nation's "Most Wanted" criminals, knowing we were a safe and secure mile and a quarter away? And, I suppose, most of us wondered what happened on that

**Doing time on “the Rock” is becoming
a favorite San Francisco pastime**



tight little island often shrouded in fog.

A noted San Francisco psychiatrist, Dr. Robert A. Kimmich, describes the riddle of Alcatraz this way: "The contemplation of Alcatraz enables us to participate vicariously in the forbidden world of crime, in something in the manner of surreptitiously watching a peep show."

For whatever reason people visit the island, one can't help but feel the ghosts of its former inhabitants as the boat approaches the landing dock.



Signs still warn "Keep Away," and what appears to be miles of rusted barbed wire stretch along the base of the rocky fortress. It is easy to see how Alcatraz earned the name, "The Devil's Island of America," a reputation wardens perpetuated from the time the prison's doors swung open in 1933.

The park service guide who greets us explains that the island, named by a Spanish explorer, Juan Manuel de Ayala in 1775, is now part of the Golden Gate National Recreation Area.

Ayala found little to detain him on the craggy escarpment that rises 146 feet in the middle of the bay. Aside from the pelicans that flocked to the island by the thousands, there was little life on Alcatraz until the early 1800s.

Since then the island has been used as a fortress, a Civil War military prison, an army disciplinary barracks, a federal penitentiary and site of an American Indian occupation.

As we headed up the first hill, through a tunnel with gun turrets fore and aft, we could see why our friends had recommended "comfortable walking shoes and windbreakers." Even though the mid-morning sun had burned off the fog hours earlier, the constant bay breeze kept the 50 of us huddled together.

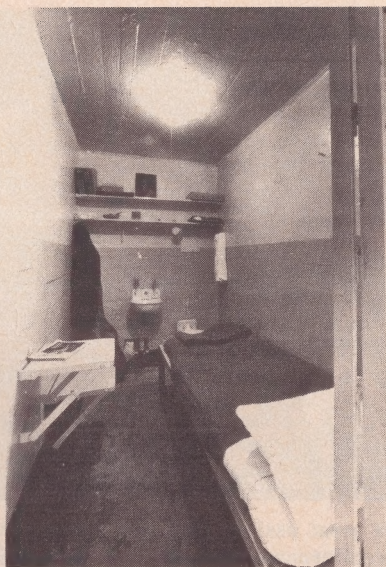
Although the criminologists in our crowd were in a rush to visit the main cell block, the rest of us took our time, finding the walk to it just as invigorating. Lush jungle-like foliage grows everywhere. Gone are the days when

this profusion of flowers and shrubs was meticulously manicured by inmates lucky enough to have garden duty. Getting the plants to survive was no easy task considering that everything on the island — including the giant eucalyptus and the water to nourish them — had to be imported. In stark contrast are the burned-out shells of the prison hospital and warden's home. These are grim reminders of the Indian occupation that took place on the island in the early 1970s. And from the graffiti it's obvious that the Indians were on the warpath.

The entrance to the main cell block provides a vista of San Francisco's skyline not to be found anywhere else. It alone would make the \$2 trip worthwhile.

Once inside the concrete-and-steel cell block, it's immediately evident why crime doesn't pay. The cold, damp air sent shivers down our backs as the guide ushered us along "Broadway" — an avenue of tiny nine- by five-foot cells where prisoners could spend up to 21 hours a day, depending on how well they behaved. "Alcatraz," our guide explained, "was designed to handle the incorrigibles. These men were hardened criminals, thought to be beyond rehabilitation. They had to earn everything they received; things like showers, mail service, visits from adult relatives, the use of the library."

One thing the 250 men never had a shortage of was good food. In the dining area, the last day's menu, including fried chicken, dressing and



mashed potatoes, is still posted. "It was felt that good food prevented bad riots," the guide said.

The inmates who misbehaved the most at Alcatraz ended up in "the hole," six of 42 cells in solitary confinement. A cell in the hole had a solid steel door, while the others in solitary at least had open but barred fronts.

After an invitation to find out what spending a little time in the hole was like, several of us stepped into a tiny cubicle. Without an adieu our guide slammed the steel-plated door leaving us in pitch darkness. It seemed an eternity before someone in the group fumbled for his cigarette lighter and finally flicked it on.

Many of the criminal elite spent



a great deal of their stay in solitary confinement. Names we'd all read about were given the roll call by the guide: Al Capone, George "Machine Gun" Kelly, Frankie Carbo, and, thanks to an award-winning performance by actor Burt Lancaster, the most famous convict of modern times, Robert Stroud, the Birdman of Alcatraz.

Unfortunately, Hollywood's portrayal of Stroud leaves a lot to be desired, according to prison officials. Stroud was anything but the gentle man shown on the silver screen. Even more ironic is the fact that Stroud never raised a single bird on Alcatraz, but at another federal institution in Leavenworth, Kansas. "On the Rock," according to the guide, "the only birds were jail birds."

Hollywood, we learned as we

toured the windswept exercise yard, has been good to Alcatraz in another way. Thanks to location filming, restoration work that otherwise would not have been completed has been done on the main cell block. As a result, visitors see one row of cells as they existed during the 29 years the prison was in operation. The motif is simple. Each cell has a cot with mattress and pillow, a toilet and a work desk.

"What about breakouts?" someone in the crowd asked. "There were a total of 14 escape attempts that involved 39 men," the guide responded. "Of those, 26 were captured, seven were shot, one drowned and five are unaccounted for. According to prison records they were swept out to sea."

A recent popular movie deals with three of the five — Frank Morris, and

John and Clarence Anglin — and their masterful escape attempt. It was to be the final breakout to occur before the prison was closed in 1963.

The trio dug their way out, with sharpened spoons, through an air vent. Then, using parts of a rubber raincoat as water wings they jumped into the frigid bay, never to be seen or heard from again.

Were they successful, I wondered out loud as we waited to board our ferry. "We'll probably never know,"

said the guide. "But one of them might have been with your group," she laughed. "Rumor has it that a number of former residents have come back incognito to find out what the Rock is like from the outside looking in." □

Editor's note: If you want to tour Alcatraz, set aside at least 2½ hours. Boats depart every 45 minutes from Pier 43 between 9 a.m. and 3 p.m. daily. Reservations (546-3805) are usually necessary.



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